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THE HERALD.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

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The Portsmouth Daily Republican
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Music Boxes! Talking Machines!

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CANNEY'S MUSIC STORE,
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COMMERCIAL CLUB WHISKEY.

A Pure Beverage, Especially Adapted For Sickness. All First-class Dealers Keep It

BOTTLED BY EUGENE LYNCH, BOSTON, MASS

Thomas Loughlin Islington Street
AGENT FOR PORTSMOUTH.

BOWKER'S PLANT FOOD!

15 and 25 Cent Packages. Try One.

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2 MARKET SQUARE.



THE MAKING OF A MONUMENT.

We design and execute descriptions of monuments in the best and most appropriate materials, including material which we have shown to be best fitted to retain its color and quality.

We solicit an interview on the subject.

Thomas G. Lester,
Shop and Yard
No. 2 Water Street.

SNOW SHOVELS, SLEIGH BELLS
AXES.

SKATES

Try one of our new Safety Razors.

Warder & Cotton,
65 MARKET STREET.

AL AND WOOD Gray & Prime

E. WALKER & CO.,

Commission Merchant

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

and Wood NO DUST NO NOISE

DELIVERED

COAL

IN BAGS

AND WOOD

NO DUST NO NOISE

IN BAGS



Sandow's Advice to Women

World Famous Strong Man Says Regular Exercise Will Make Them Storehouses of Health & Muscle Without Loss of Beauty.

Eugen Sandow is the greatest of modern strong men. His wonderful power has resulted from systematic exercise and training, and his wide experience in physical culture affairs makes his advice particularly valuable to those interested in building up their bodies.

Sandow makes a specialty of instructing women regarding the improvement of their health and strength. He says:

"One cannot walk through the Vatican, the Louvre, the Elgin room of the British museum or any like institution of classic civilization without being struck with the wonderful beauty of the Roman and Greek ideals of female beauty. It is unfortunate that while the exigencies of modern social life have imposed onerous obligations upon woman, certain atrocities of fashion, the corset, for instance, have placed an added handicap upon her chances of achieving the highest ends."

"I am not so rash as to advocate the immediate abolition of the corset, for custom has made this implement of deformity a necessity through abuse. Women have so long bound themselves in this device that to abolish it would



AN EXERCISE TO DEVELOP THE HIP MUSCLES.

becomes properly oxygenated and a better digestion waits on appetite and health on both.

Judicious Exercise a Panacea.

"Exercise, judiciously taken, I believe to be the panacea of all evils. It stimulates all the vital functions, heart, lungs, liver and kidneys. It also strengthens all of the muscles of the body and indirectly aids these organs."

"The rules are simple and easy to follow.

"Corpulent men and women should avoid—or rather decrease by degrees—porters, liquors, starchy cereals or fattening substances of any kind. Lean people should partake of these in moderation. Both can partake of juicy joints, be they from the sheep or from the ox, only let them avoid too much seasoning in the way of salt, pepper or sauces. These create an unnatural thirst which nothing but copious drafts of liquid of some kind can quench. Too much liquid overworks the kidneys and liver and indirectly affects the heart.

"Observe these primary injunctions and then be guided by the following rules and I will stake my reputation that you will become strong and healthy inside of a year:

Here Are Sandow's Health Rules.

"Never sleep more than eight hours a day. Eat regularly and at stated intervals in the manner already prescribed. Walk a mile or more after each meal before attempting any mental effort. A jaunt of two to three miles in the afternoon, when nature is at her best, will not harm you a particle. You are to be governed entirely by your powers, and nature will tell you when you have had enough. Then go to a gymnasium and exercise with light dumbbells a part of every day, with frequent intermissions for rest. Try every kind of motion, backward, forward, overhand and underhand. Any athletic professor can teach you all the curves. In this way you will develop the muscles of every portion of the body and surprise yourself at the end of a twelve-



THIS EXERCISE AFFECTS PRACTICALLY EVERY MUSCLE IN THE HUMAN BODY.

"The pupil sits on the floor with legs straightened out; then, raising her arms until they are on a line with her shoulder, she leans forward, touching her toes with her hands. After resuming her original upright attitude the pupil may vary the movement by inclining backward until she is flat on the floor and then returning to the sitting pose."

month by the improvement in your condition. Of course a quick bath—a shower is the best—and a vigorous rubbing down should be taken after exercise. In this way you can attain health and strength."

BOWLING

Mayor Bookwalter of Indianapolis is very enthusiastic over the coming national bowling tourney to be held in his city. He has made a tour of the prominent cities where bowling is popular, seeking entries for the contest, and the reception given him in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, etc., has inspired him to state that the coming championships will draw the largest crowd on record.

Unusually handsome prizes are being purchased, and special hotel accommodations are being prepared.

Handsome new alleys are also being constructed for the tournament at small cost. Indianapolis is short of space to have gone "bowling mad," but the man that participates in the tournament was excellent, especially in the last act when the "Johnny" is shot. The entrance of men to the hall of execution and the lack of skill

Opera And Spectacle

The Combination Not a Happy One In "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

The Whirley Opera company is presenting at the New York theater a spectacular military opera called "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." The book is by Stanislaus Stange and the music by Julian Edwards. These gentlemen are the authors of "Dolly Varden," as pretty a light opera as I care to see. Its comedy was good, and its book and music made a great hit. Not so this new venture. The authors have not reached the "Dolly Varden" standard. There is nothing of merit in the book and absolutely no comedy. There is a lame attempt at it, but the actor who gets a laugh in this performance must feel that it is kind encouragement for him, not real spontaneous enjoyment of the work. There is often much charity in a large audience, and this if evidenced must not always be mistaken for success. The music, though light, is swingy, tuneful and very pleasing. In the ensembles there is a novel intermingling with new numbers, a few bars at a time, of all the old airs of 1865, and just as the old acquaintance is recognized he is gone. This effect is very quaint and somewhat fascinating, keeping one on the lookout for glimpses of the other days. The finales of the first and second acts were particularly good, and the dance for Cordelia's birthday in the first act made a charming stage picture. The light colored dresses, big bouffants and absolute fidelity to the costumes of the day in the women, with the military uniform of the "Yankees," were very effective.

Good "Atmosphere."

This was also seen in Hackett's "The Crisis," but "Johnny" takes the palm for effective results in the direction of the period. That done on the stage in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is the old hop waltz of the early sixties, and it has been well taught and assists wonderfully in the creation of "atmosphere." Here the management deserves praise. I have seen many attempts at that period in the south, but in such bits as this and in detail of costume this is far ahead of any other I know, for I belong there. The ribbon and velvet bracelets, the strapping of the slippers with narrow ribbon and the crinoline effect are all perfect. Without plif, fu or voles a so called "spectacular military opera" cannot expect to be a great success, but in some respects this little venture is entertaining. The "spectacular" part is child's play. It might please little ones, but a sensible New York audience will never swallow the bait. There are forty-four (and I have counted them) names on the programme and many extras. It seems a pity to put all this money in so poor a vehicle. Excepting Will H. D., Lucile Saunders is the only one who can sing, and I do not enthuse even over what she did. The fun maker was either naturally very bad or what he was supposed to make funny was so impossible that he could do no more with it. At any rate the result was dismal. The character was Jonathan Phoenix.

It is possible, however, that Miss Rehan is herself again and that her coming stellar venture in a new play, especially written for her by Haddon Chambers, will prove an enormous success. Let us hope so, at any rate.

Julia Marlowe and "The Cavalier."

Despite the fact that no one appears to care very much for the new Paul Kester dramatization of George W. Cable's novel, "The Cavalier," in which Julia Marlowe is at present starring at the Criterion theater in this city, she is attracting numerous audiences. This, too, although Miss Marlowe's best efforts are largely wasted upon the medium selected for their exploitation. The illustration accompanying this article is from Miss Marlowe's latest photograph in the principal female role of "The Cavalier."

You may hear almost any sort of rumor for you care along the Rialto those days, and the latest is to the effect that Miss Marlowe's tour in "Phantom" was brought to a sudden end not because of the illness of the star, due to the extraordinary demands made upon her powers by the leading rôle, but because the business was poor. Of course it is rather an anomaly to hear of a star complaining of the strength of the character assigned to her, but it is little short of absurd to say that Miss Marlowe's business was poor.

It is possible for a popular star who has long been identified with a single rôle or even with a single line of work to find that the public will not accept him in a new piece. This has been to a great extent the experience of James O'Neill, though in his new venture, "The Manxman," the protagonist rôle of which ought to fit him like a glove, the result should be more satisfactory.

But with Miss Marlowe the case is different. She has played every sort of character within the last decade and has never been identified for any length of time with a special line of work. The public rather expects to see her in something new each year, and her art is of such a quality that even if "Phantom" had been the greatest "frost," ever known Miss Marlowe could have continued in it indefinitely to profitable bushels unless some more potent influence than the box office had prompted its abandonment.

MARY A. BARTOW.
New York.

get work was a most natural and pleasing innovation. Of course the hero is not shot. The news comes of the declaration of peace, and all ends happily. When I can, I usually tell the story of the play, but in this instance it is beyond me. There is none.

Ada Rehan's Tour.

Ada Rehan is to make another venture as a star. There was a time when that announcement would have brought to her managers flood of telegrams and a deluge of letters asking for time for the woman who was once the most popular actress in America. But, alas, for the fickleness of the theater going public, that time has passed, and the announcement now scarcely creates a flurry beyond a mild species of speculation as to whether or not the tour will pay. Think of it! Casting a doubt upon the probable success of an Ada Rehan tour!

It was currently reported a few years ago, and generally credited, that Miss Rehan was offered a salary of \$50,000 a year as a star. The firm whose name rumor associated with the offer was thoroughly responsible too. This is mentioned to show that even though the rumor was not based upon fact the salary mentioned, large as it was, was not large enough to inspire doubt in the minds of persons familiar with the affairs of the theater at that time.

Miss Rehan appeared to lose her grip upon the public when Augustus Daly died. There is no doubt that he did much for her; that she often received consideration in the matter of the choice of roles which was for the best interest neither of the play nor herself. Mr. Daly doubtless also was largely instrumental in developing the art of the woman who was a raw beginner when he undertook her management, but it is absurd to assume that he could have done all this unless there was at bottom real reality.

Yet the fact remains that she has never been the same since Daly's death. Her ill starred venture of a few years ago in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" will not soon be forgotten. Her work in that piece was not worthy of Ada Rehan. Beside it that of Henrietta Crosman in "Mistress Nell" shone as an arc light beside a tallow candle.

D. J. KEANE EXECUTING A "SPREAD EAGLE"

double foot whirl. Then I make the familiar figure 3 on both feet at the same time, crossing the feet. The spin is continued on the outer edge of both skates, the toes being held rigidly together. The arms are gradually lowered to give speed.

In the cross cuts, or anvils, the body is often at sharp angles. The tops of the anvils are from eight to nine inches long. I start on the outside edge forward, changing to a back stroke on the outside edge by suddenly bringing the balance foot forward.

Change is next made to a forward stroke on the outside edge, and this is brought across the first by bringing the balance foot back.

In the spread eagle the impetus is gained on the first stroke. The body is held nearly erect, and the arms are kept at the side. The start is made on the right foot with a plain stroke forward, the left foot following in line with the toe turned out. The heels should be kept about nine inches apart.

The double flat foot stunt leaves on the ice a disk the diameter of which is about half the length of the skates. The start may be made with either foot. I will describe the figure as done with a right foot start. Going on the outer edge forward, I make the figure 3 and bring the left foot alongside the one on the ice, continuing the spin on the flat of the skates and gradually lowering the arms, as in the other figures.

We now come to a difficult design, the Maltese cross. As in other single foot figures, I use the right foot. The start on the inside edge is changed to the outside edge. Then come three changes of edges, after which the anvil is made. The first changes are now

dip. It is possible, however, that Miss Rehan is herself again and that her coming stellar venture in a new play, especially written for her by Haddon Chambers, will prove an enormous success. Let us hope so, at any rate.

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MARY A. BARTOW.
New York.

Howard Gould's Yachts.

Howard Gould, the millionaire sportsman, has given up ocean yachting. He has sold to his brother Edwin the deep sea cruiser Niagara, a

which will amuse himself next season in a high speed turn screw craft.

Over all, with a draft of 18 ft.

for different from his

present, which made

Figure Skating

Intricate Ice "Stunts" and How to Perform Them

By Dr. Arthur C. Keane,
Champion American Fancy Skater.

Among the first known figures used in fancy skating are the following, which will briefly describe for the benefit of folks desirous to become proficient in this most interesting art:

"The cross foot spin is a figure that many an ambitious skater finds trouble in negotiating. The spin starts with a

returning—Leave Junction with E. H.

& A. St. Ry. at 8:05 a. m., 9:05 and

10:15 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m.

For Wells Beach—8:45 a. m.,

9:45 a. m., 10:45 p. m.

For North Conway—9:45 a. m.,

10:45 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m.

For Somersworth—8:45 a. m.,

9:45 a. m., 10:45 p. m.

For Rochester—8:45 a. m.,

9:45 a. m., 10:45 p. m.

For North Hampton and

Greenland—8:45 a. m.,

9:45 a. m., 10:45 p. m.

For Portsmouth—8:45 a. m.,

9:45 a. m., 10:45 p. m.

For Dover—8:45 a. m.,

9:45 a. m., 10:45 p. m.

Leave Portland—1:45 a. m.,

2:45 a. m., 3:45 a. m., 4:45 a. m.,

5:45 a. m., 6:45 a. m.,

7:45 a. m., 8:45 a. m.,

9:45 a. m., 10:45 p. m.

Leave North Conway—8:45 a. m.,

9:45 a. m., 10:45 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—8:45 a. m.,

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Leave Rochester—8:45 a. m.,

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Accidents should be addressed to

the

Editor.

Postmaster should be addressed to

the

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Portsmouth, N. H. Post Office.

Small matter.

Portsmouth And South's Interests

Local news! Read the Herald,
more than all other local daily.
Try it.

DAY, JAN. 1, 1903.

There may be remaining
of the old-time divinity
now by the performances of
actions of the ancient house of
Saxony. The eloquence of the
princess of Saxony with her
tutor, and living openly
at the same hotel in which
her brother, an Austrian arch-duke,
lives in similar terms with an
aunt, brother and sister each ap-
proving the other's conduct, is a re-
cord of shameless immorality not
easy to parallel in civilized society.

The first international dis-
pute to be submitted to
the Hague tribunal was one
between two American repub-
lics—the United States and Mexico—
no doubt in the future be a
matter of just pride to the citizens of
both countries; and if President
Roosevelt's efforts and influence fit-
sue in the dispute between
Venezuela and
Colombia by the same tribunal,
and the country of which he
chose chief magistrate will
surely gain more honor than would re-
turn from a successful war. And de-
finitely, too.

death at Los Angeles, California.
Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, the life record of a woman of
energy and noble character, who was a noted belle of the
capital more than half a
century ago, and who for years
had more power than many a
State senator. She was the
wife of Senator Thomas H. Benton,
Missouri long the most influ-
ential politician of that state, and
she worked with Andrew Jackson in
opposition to the United States bank,
his advocacy of gold and silver
as the only currency, won him the
name of "Old Bullion." She became
the wife of John C. Fremont, the
"Prairie-farmer," who was the first can-
didate of the republican party for the
Senate, and their union was one
of mutual devotion on both sides until
Fremont's death. Her mar-
riage to Fremont was bitterly op-
posed by her father, but she had a
son of her own, as well as the; and
she ever regretted, or had cause
to regret marrying the man of her
choice, no hint of it ever reached the
public ear.

The tall oaks that from little
sprouts grow, and the great matter
that a little fire kindleth, are old
time examples of the extensive re-
sults sometimes achieved by appar-
ently insignificant causes; and a new
illustration in the same line has re-
cently been produced in the west, in
the derailing of a locomotive, and
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The Wild Rose, the now famous
musical comedy success, sponsored by
Manager George W. Lederer, and
which will be seen at Music hall
next Monday night, is the work of
Harry B. Smith and George V. Hobart,
written to the accompaniment of
Ludwig Engländer's music.

Success has attended the growth of
this, now the fairest of fashion's flowers,
for many months in New York,
and society selected it as the proper
thing to grace the most notable event
offered to its most exclusive mem-
bers this season at Newport.

The company which will be seen
during the forthcoming engagement
includes Albert Hart, Frank Denslow,
Rose Beaumont, Eddie Sharpe, Carrie
Parkhurst, Louis Kelso, W. Wallace
Black, George A. and others of like
prominence.

ARIZONA.

At Music hall, one night next
week, we are to be offered Augustus
Thomas' greatest of American
plays, Arizona, with the New York
production and an excellent cast
of players. Arizona is now in its fourth
year in America and second year in
England, having enjoyed a five
months' run at the Adelphi theatre,
London, which is an evidence of the
great popularity of the channing play.

Among the company who will
appear there are E. H. Calvert, Eliza-
beth Lea, Charles Muson, Mignon
Foster, Francis M. Ball, Alice Chandler,
Frederick Watson, John T. Dillon,
Antoinette Rankin, John Murray,
M. J. Mamakoni, R. G. Thomas, B. J.
Farrell, Hattie Foley and Frank
Shore.

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BLACK SHEEP.

Their Wool Is Especially Valuable.
Flock of Mr. John B. Wing.

Answer to an inquiry as to what prevent sheep from rooting, Dr. W. J. Wilson quotes what Colburn in "Swine Husbandry," recommends—sheep tails to be inserted into socks by the aid of mattress needles, penknives and pinchers, etc., says he has tried it and found it victory, but says he would not interfere with nature here and recommend a part of their pasture set off for rooting ground. But I would agree with nature here, as well as dehorning cattle, which is not yet practiced, remarks J. E. Hosier, well known Missouri breeder. The best and quickest way to prevent rooting is with a pocket knife run through the snout and round on each side far enough so it will drop down; then cut in two the middle. And if cut deep enough will always remain so ground or pasture can be done at any age.

FRIDAY'S MATCHMAKING

By Lilian Paschal

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"Down, Friday, down, sir!" But it was too late, and Hill's white ducks, fresh from the laundry, were ready to go back again to the same cleansing institution.

Friday's paws were very moist and black from his delighted investigations into the country puddles back from the shore past which they three were strolling, and Friday's mistress turned a pair of very moist black eyes in wexed reproach upon him as he backed wonderingly away from her upraised hand.

"It is certainly dismaying to the canine mind to be praised and fed with luscious caramels one day for protecting his mistress from insult, as had been the case yesterday when a stranger had rudely accosted her in the daisy field, and then to be punished on the next day for the same gallant service.

He had, as he thought, faithfully performed the same duty when she shrank from this man's imploring arms. Friday was quite sure he had heard her say, "Please go away."

It drew him at once from that interesting front door of Mrs. Woodchuck's. It was a call to the depths of his dogdest chivalry. And here was his reward—to be beaten and in disgrace. Friday thought it a very puzzling world.

To be sure, this man wore clean white clothes, and the one yesterday had on dirty, ragged ones. He had not noticed that in his righteous rush to the rescue. Come to think of it, he himself, with his white, silky fur coat, was very much more of a gentleman than that mangy black and tan of the Johnsons.

As he recognized his error in mistaking a gentleman for a tramp he crept back for pardon. He offered the best apology possible in dog language—kissed the hand of his mistress and then in a penitent whine implored the man to forgive him his mistake, which he regretted with all his soul in his big brown eyes.

Eugene Hill was a gentleman, and he accepted Friday's retraction as man to man.

"Never mind, old fellow," he said kindly, and the dog noticed that the hand patting his head in good fellow ship was trembling violently. "I'd kill any fellow myself that dared to hear a hair of her bonny head-only you

Sponge Fishing.

The sponge is an animal and not a vegetable, as some state. It breathes, eats and when in the water is filled with mucus. The sponge in its familiar state is only a carcass. Sponges are known to grow at a depth of 200 feet and live even deeper doubtless. At the depth of fifty feet they can be fished by an expert fisher, but at a greater depth they must be got by diving. Sponge fishers use a glass by which sponges can be seen growing on the bottom. The instrument is in the nature of a pail with a glass bottom attached to the bow of the boat. It is submerged so as to steady the vision, which would otherwise be confounded by the waves. The water where sponges grow is very clear, and the bottom can be seen at a great depth. The home of the sponge fishing industry is in Greece and is centuries old. A large percentage of the Mediterranean sponges comes from the island of Hydra. Some, however, come from off the coast of Tripoli. A few sponges come from the far-off land of Madagascar. There are two months in each year when sponge fishing is practically abandoned. This is in August and September, the hurricane months. During the other ten months the industry flourishes.

A Tale Bearing Marble.

Lord Kelvin once surprised his class by the quick and amusing manner in which he solved a problem on sound. In the midst of an experiment Lord Kelvin had ceased lecturing and was silently watching along with most of the students the progress of an experiment. There was a dead silence, which was suddenly and rudely broken by the sound of a marble which an inattentive student had purposely dropped and which continued to roll and drop, drop, drop, down all the tiers of benches till it reached the ground floor. Meanwhile Lord Kelvin had quickly turned around and observed where the marble emerged on to the floor. He counted back the number of times he had heard it drop and then announced: "Mr. X of the seventh tier, you may report to me after the lecture."

The eminent scientist had correctly spotted the culprit.

A Lazy Artist's Wit.

An Austrian prince once sent his servant to a painter remarkable for his idleness as well as skill and gave him a picture to copy. It was the painting of an old farmhouse. In a few days the servant went to see what progress had been made and on his return informed the prince that all was done but one chimney, on which the painter was then employed. A week passed, and the picture was not returned. The prince then resolved to go himself. He did so and found the artist still at the unfinished chimney. "How is this?" said the prince severely; "all this time employed on one chimney?"

"I have been obliged to do and undo it several times," said the artist.

"For what reason?" asked the prince. "Because," said the artist coolly, "I found that it smoked."

Hill heard the dog's sharp bark, but did not turn. "Friday painted alongside, whining and wriggling excitedly, but Hill quickened his pace. The master was rounding the point.

Then Friday grew more earnest. If Kate wanted this man now, whom she didn't want a few moments

WHEN JONES ROSE UP

By James Martin

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Jones had given himself away as a Yankee the instant he landed in England, and he had left a broad trail behind him as he slowly traveled about and finally brought up in a town in Belgium. Whenever he could find a listener, whether on train, steamer or at the dinner table, he began with the battle of Lexington and brought the glorious Yankee nation down to the battle of Santiago. He spared no one's feelings in telling his story; but, on the contrary, he did not claim any particular credit for the Jones family. He could just as well have declared that General Jones was in command at Bunker Hill, but he modestly kept the family in the background.

Then Jones made odious comparisons as he traveled. Everything in the line of trains, scenery, hotels, public works,

"I could forgive the ninety-three suits of clothes," she mused judicially, "though when there are so many poor people in the world, cold and ragged!"

"And for whose comfort those very clothes were bought," he interrupted. "The papers got it twisted. The suits weren't tailor made for me, but just good, warm hand-me-downs for needy convalescents at the hospital, though the papers didn't get that side of it. You see, I sent them—er—anonymously because—well, I hate publicity in that sort of thing," he blurted out as shamefacedly as though confessing a crime.

Katharine felt a quick rush of something stirring in her heart, a sweet something that softened her bright eyes to tenderness. She lowered her tent of chiffon, lest he should see, and brought up the other reason—the real one.

"But I can't forgive your making love to me."

"I couldn't help it." He apologized for that crime impenitently.

"When you are engaged to Clara Mack," she finished.

"I'm not engaged to anybody," he denied indignantly. "And if you'll only be engaged to me, darling!"

There were two under the chiffon tent now, and—but no one saw the rest, not even Friday, their canine Cupid, for a ruffled sunshade covers a multitude of things.

You Are a Hundred Years Behind the Times, Said Jones.

etc., played second fiddle to what he could point out at home. In Paris, where he got into a row with his landlord over his bill and was taken to court and fined 10 francs, he had the hardihood to observe that a police judge in the States would have made an all day case and \$10 fine out of it.

He hadn't talked himself out when he reached Belgium. Even before he had registered he said to the landlord:

"Your old hotel here is on the worst site in town, and the men who built it evidently thought it was intended for a storehouse. Lord, man, but you ought to see some of the hotels in America! Why don't you run over there some day and get a new idea or two?"

There were French, English and German tourists stopping at the hotel. Some had encountered Jones before, while all had heard of him. They determined to put up a job that should lay the boaster low.

One afternoon, as he sat alone on the veranda, wondering why the United States had not absorbed Belgium and taught the barbers how to give egg shampoos, four or five individuals strolled up in a careless way and, sitting down near him, seemed to invite conversation. He was ready and willing.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have now seen a pretty good slice of what you call Europe, and I must say I don't think much of it. You are a hundred years behind the times."

"Who you vhas, anyway?" demanded a solid, broad shouldered German who had been pitched upon for the part.

"My name is Jones," was the quiet answer.

"Und who vhas Jones? Vhas you some president or sheneral in your country?"

"Not a bit of it. There are 42,533 Joneses in the United States, and none of them is of any particular account. There are enough of us to cut a dash if we made up our minds to it, but we are too modest."

"I pefier I hat met some Shonees in Schermany," said the German after a pause, "und I don't like 'em."

"Don't, eh? That's too bad. I thought the Joneses were pretty well liked wherever you found 'em. What seemed to be the trouble with your German Joneses?"

"He vhas too much brag?"

"I see. Well, the family, as a family, always thought well of itself and didn't care who knew it. I hope, however, that none of these German Joneses made any statements he couldn't back up."

"I pefier, sir," said the German as he nodded his head to the words, "I pefier Jones what some hars!"

Jones of America half started up and sat down again. After a long breath he softly inquired:

"Does that include the Jones family of the United States?"

"He does!"

"And me?"

"Shust so!"

"Then, sir, it is my duty to my conniv, to the Jones family and to myself to teach you differently, and here goes!" Jones reached over and struck him in the face and next minute had been challenged to fight a duel with swords. Things had gone as the conspirators

planned. Jones must take a midnight sit or stop his brag. But there was no shake in his voice as he bowed all around and replied:

"My compliments, gentlemen, and I will be on time. The Jones family may have cheated in a horse trade, but they are not liars. I rise to the occasion—that is, I will rise two hours earlier than usual tomorrow morning."

It had been "up to Jones," and Jones had been equal to the occasion. The conspirators were nonplussed. It might be, however, that Jones' acceptance of the challenge was simply a bluff on his part, and a meeting place was duly arranged and seconds chosen.

It was given out for Jones' benefit that the German was a skilled swordsman who would kill him after three or four passes, but he went to bed whistling "Yankee Doodle," and they couldn't make him out. He was up half an hour ahead of a call next morning, and there was general astonishment at the heartiness of his appetite and his jocular demeanor.

"Never let anything interfere with my breakfast, gentlemen," he explained, "and I anticipate a good time fighting this duel. It must be better than going to a circus."

"Don't tell me anything's happened to them—don't, for the Lord's sake!" Miss Morris gasped to the fat black woman who stood upon the steps.

Marthy chuckled, though she tried hard to look properly subdued as she said:

"Not exactly, Miss El'nor, but hit's des Gawd's mussy hit ain't. You know how las' night my ole man Ben took en snook ou de little circuit rider's white breeches fer me ter wash!"

"Don't tell me anything's happened to them—don't, for the Lord's sake!"

Marthy drew down the corners of her mouth. "I washed en l'oned um all right," she said. "Den I took en hung um 'fore de kichen fire so deel' git bone dry by dis mawnin'. Ben he went dar den now ter git um en snake um back, en 'fore de Lawd, de ain't none on um left 'ceptin' hit is de buttons. Sparks must er popped out, en dee would 'n set us all afire hadn't hit been I had sense enough ter leave dat cheer deee was on right spang on de la'arth!"

"What shall we do?" Miss Morris moaned. She had drawn Marthy with her into the shelter of her own chamber. The circuit rider in the guestroom at the other end of the house might well be awake conning over his sermon. It was Sunday morning. He was due to preach the 11 o'clock sermon at Horeb church, ten miles away. Horeb congregation was the richest, the most nearly fashionable, of all in the circuit. Moreover, Miss Morris knew that young Brother Brandon was deeply in love with Nelly Riggs. Her father, Hol'el's leading steward, looked askance at the young minister's suit. He was ambitious for his daughter and herself. Naturally, therefore, Brandon would want to show himself at his best.

He had come to stay all night at the Morris house, with no more than a change of linen in his saddlebags, clothed in flannel coat, white duck trousers and leather belt. A summer shower had splashed and stained the trousers very badly, hence the washing, the burning. Now the young man lay in bed trouserless upon a plantation that was a sort of Adanless Eden. Miss Morris and Miss Marsha had lived alone since their father died, twenty years back, with black Marthy and Ben for servants.

Miss Marsha was stout and rosy, as Miss Morris was thin. She sat up, rubbed her eyes hard and said sleepily.

Our Oldest Hotel.

West Brookfield, Mass., claims the distinction of having the oldest hotel in the United States. It was built in 1760 by Captain David Hitchcock, who was its boniface for fifty-one years, and during his time he entertained many distinguished guests. General George Washington stopped there Oct. 22, 1789, on his way to Boston and entered in his diary, "We were fed on the best the town affords." A short time afterward Martha Washington spent the night there.

In 1799 President John Adams drove into town with his coach and four, and Landlord Hitchcock gave him the "best room in the house." Jerome Bonaparte, who was appointed king of Westphalia in 1807, spent the night there with his American bride, Miss Elizabeth Patterson, in 1804, and tradition shows the place where his coach ran into a fence and demolished it.

General Lafayette on his visit to America in 1824 stopped there, and many other notable personages have partaken of the hospitality.

The Wayside Inn, made immortal by Longfellow, antedates the West Brookfield house, but it never had a continuous career as a hotel.

One afternoon, as he sat alone on the veranda, wondering why the United States had not absorbed Belgium and taught the barbers how to give egg shampoos, four or five individuals strolled up in a careless way and, sitting down near him, seemed to invite conversation. He was ready and willing.

The late August Daly, in spite of the gloom that ever seemed to envelop him, had his pet story, which the few persons who were at all intimate with him personally must have heard over and over again. It was about a big fersheyman who, casting his eye along Broadway for a "likely show," was attracted and tempted by the highly colored posters announcing a spectacular piece called "The Forty Thieves" and determined to spend the evening in the theater where it was offered. He went to the box office, laid down a five dollar bill and asked for one of the best seats. A punched coupon and \$3 were handed him. When he asked what the ticket cost and was told \$2, it was evident that he had not calculated higher than half a dollar.

"Two dollars to see 'The Forty Thieves,' eh?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir," courteously replied the ticket seller. "Please do not block the window."

"Well, keep your darned seat!" exclaimed the Jerseyman, picking up the \$3 change. "I don't think I care to see the other thirty-nine!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Say One of Them.

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"No 'm," Marthy said, with a throaty gurgle. "He been a-savin' dem las' breeches, he is; say he specks he got grow three-fifths more 'fore he can fill um up, deo so odacious big up round de waist parts."

"Well, they'll be long enough if Brother Brandon is so tall," Miss Marsha said philosophically, settling back on her pillow. "Go and send Ben in with 'em, Marthy, and tell him to tell Brother Brandon we are sorry and that we'll go with him to preaching, though we didn't mean to. I don't intend," this vigorously to Miss Morris, "that anybody shall ever have it to say we are ashamed to see another man standing in our father's clothes."

Origin of College Slangs.

"In every university," said a college man in the Philadelphia Record, "there is a slang word, 'bone,' that means to study. Do you know how this word originated? It came from 'Bohn'—from the 'Bohn' books that are so familiar to students—and in the beginning it was spelled 'Bohn' and its significance was easily understood, but now that it is spelled 'bone' the significance is lost. The derivation of other pieces of college slang is not so easily traced back. Thus there is the word 'pole,' 'poler,' a 'greasy poler,' which means to seek to induce a freshman to join fraternity, another hard word. To 'bust' at Cornell means to fall or flunk. 'Cow juice' means milk. A 'pony' means a device for cheating at examinations. A 'dog wagon' means a lunch wagon. Those words have their derivation patent on their face, but where, I wonder, can 'gray' have come from? 'To gray' at the University of Virginia means to get drunk."

Hunting and Hunting.

A good shot and an entertaining story teller, Tom Nast was welcome during the shooting season at a number of country houses in England. But his first invitation was a bitter lesson to him simply because he failed to observe the sharp differentiation between hunting "as she is known" in England and in this country. On board ship Nast made the acquaintance of a Hartfordshire man, a master of the hounds near St. Albans. Nast received and promptly accepted an invitation to hunt.

"I never felt quite so insignificant in my life," he used to say in telling the story, "as when I arrived at the rendezvous and saw that brilliant meet in the scarlet coats and the jolly looking women on their fine mounts, and there was I trudging along the road with a game bag and a gun."

They bulged quite a bit at the knees

ORDEAL BY FIRE

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Miss Morris sprang from bed and darted to the back door, aroused from sleep by stealthy knocking. A slim, prim, upright, faded gentlewoman, she did not forget to huddle herself in a shawl before flinging open the shutter.

"Marthy! What on earth is the house afire?" she gasped to the fat black woman who stood upon the steps.

Marthy chuckled, though she tried hard to look properly subdued as she

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
JANUARY 1.

THE GREATEST OF ALL.

Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for colds, coughs, croup, asthma, bronchitis, consumption. He knows.

Kearsarge Engine Company's Ball Eclipses All Past Successes.

One Hundred Couples Perform Evolutions Of The Grand March.

Great Throng Of Dancers Gives The New Year A Merry Welcome.

14. Two Step. Mr. Dooley
15. Quadrille. W. J. Sampson Hook and Ladder.

The following gentlemen, to whom great credit is due, were in general charge:

Floor Marshall, Captain C. D. Lear; Assistant Floor Marshal, Lieut. F. N. Jones; Clerk, G. R. Palfrey; Aids, H. O. Batten, H. E. Fernald, G. N. Jones, W. G. Smart, H. C. Wallace, Morris Tobin, W. J. Hartman, W. B. Shaw, H. B. Palfrey, D. J. Lynch, F. P. Downing, Sam Juan Gray, E. A. Manent, H. C. Crompton, C. H. Colson;

Reception committee: Hon. John Pender, Chief Engineer J. D. Randall; Clerk of Fire Department, H. P. Payne, John Ham.

CURTIS—URCH.

This wedding occurred this New Year's afternoon at 1:45 o'clock, at the Baptist parsonage on Middle street, of Miss Harriet Florence Curtis, only daughter of Joseph R. Curtis of this city, and Gardner Vennard Urob of New Castle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Urob.

The ceremony was pronounced by Rev. George W. Gile, and the bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by Miss Ethel R. Urich, sister of the groom, who was bridesmaid, and wore blue cheviot, tailor made, with hat of blue and white felt to match.

The bride appeared in a dark navy blue broadcloth, tailor made, and ornamented with black silk frogs; blue velvet waist with Persian embroidery; gray chenille hat with pan velvet to match and bearing a choice gray bird.

Mr. and Mrs. Urich left on the 2:21 train for Boston and other points, and on their return will reside at No. 9 North-West street, where they will be at home after February first.

The couple were the recipients of many choice remembrances, and are followed by the happiest and most helpful of wishes.

The bride is one of the most popular young ladies of Portsmouth, and the groom who is a general favorite, is employed in the department of construction at the navy yard.

FORBES—TREFETHEN.

The first dance, a quadrille, gave welcome to the guests and was followed by 15 others on the regular order and by a number of extras.

Dances were dedicated to the other companies of the fire department and to the Franklin Pierce association.

At this last stroke of twelve the dancing ceased for a few moments, while New Year greetings were exchanged, and was then resumed, continuing until far into the morning.

The dance orders were quite elaborate and decidedly tasty, appropriate designs representing scenes in the life of a fireman being embossed upon the cover.

The list of dances, exclusive of extras, follows:

- Grand March and Circle.
1. Quadrille, Welcome to our 27th
2. Two Step.
The Tale of a Sea-Shell
3. Quadrille, Our Engineers
4. Waltz, The Show Girl
5. Quadrille,

Franklin Pierce Association
Intermission 30 minutes
Polka, Newport, Waltz
6. Quadrille, Sagamore, No. 1
7. Two Step, Tipperary
8. Caprice, Dance of the Frosty Heads

9. Schottische, Sadie
10. Portland Fancy, Col. Sise, No. 2
11. Waltz, In the Good Old Summer Time

12. Quadrille, M. H. Goodrich, No. 4
13. Schottische, Dancing on the Kitchen Floor

HELD A WATCH MEETING.

The members of People's church held a watch meeting in the South wardroom on Wednesday evening with a large attendance. It was the first meeting of the kind in the history of the church.

BUSINESS CHANGES COMING.

Several important business changes will shortly be made in this city, which will affect extensive interests.

P. & W.

KING ARTHUR FLOUR.

America's Highest grade.

Beech-Nut Ham and Bacon Always to the Front.

Ballardvale Lithia, Sparkling and Delicous.

Crosses and Blackwell's Pickles, Sauces and Condiments.

Payne & Walker,

Successors to CHARLES E. LAIGHTON & SON,

Exchange Block,

Opp. Post Office.

YESTERDAY'S HERALD.

(Amount of set matter.)

Local	13 1/4 col.
Telegraphic (not plate, but fresh)	2 1/4 "
Miscellany (editorials, theatrical, Suburban, etc.)	5 "

The Herald is the only afternoon paper in Portsmouth that prints all the news worth printing every day, besides presenting exclusive special features and running in "scoops" so frequently that they are considered almost ordinary occurrences in this office.

RANDOM GOSSIP.

cane and sat in a corner to watch developments.

Casper Whitney, in the current number of Outing, names the following all-American football eleven: Graydon (Harvard), full back; Chadwick (Yale), captain, and Barry (Brown), half backs; Rockwell (Yale), quarter back; Bowditch (Harvard), and Shavlin (Yale), ends; Bunker (West Point) and Kinney (Yale), tackles; Glass (Yale) and Warner (Cornell), guards; and Boyers (West Point), centre.

"Cooldidge," written from Washington to the Boston Journal as follows:

William E. Chandler has finished his work in the New Hampshire constitutional convention and is back again adjusting claims which come before the Spanish claims commission. He has taken more real delight in the last three weeks' labor in Concord than in all that he has had to do since he gave up his place in the senate. Chandler was greatly pleased when the democrats of his precinct elected him a member of the constitutional convention. It was the first time in a long political career that he ever had an opportunity to accept office at the hands of his political opponents. The night before election he was wandering about the city of Concord in company with Clarence Johnson. It was very quiet, not a sign of political excitement anywhere. The pair strolled up to the republican headquarters. Nobody was there to welcome them. Then they strolled into the democratic committee. The officer in charge looked up in surprise. "I came in," said Chandler, "to make my usual contribution to my campaign committee before election. The democratic party has nominated me for delegate to the constitutional convention and I want to pay my share of expenses. I am a little short of money just now, but I have got about 4,000 copies of my speech on bimetallism at home and your committee is welcome to them."

The committee took it seriously and thanked the senator for his contribution.

"Then the monster sank beneath the water and rose again near the shore. It came up out of the water perpendicularly, exposing about two feet of its body, and as it did so, one of the party fired at it with a Winchester. It again disappeared, to rise again about every five minutes. Over ten shots were fired at it, but none took effect. The shadows of the night fell and the attempt to kill or capture it had to be abandoned."

Dot Carroll, the Newburyport actress, who has been there in Peck's Bad Boy, received two Christmas presents she will not forget in a hurry. One was a severe scalp wound, and the other an attachment.

The hatchet used in the fire scene of Inside Track flew and cut a gash two inches long across Miss Carroll's scalp. A surgeon was called and dressed the wound.

This attachment came from the managers of the Casino in Pittsfield, who objected to the company's cancellation of their house in order to play at the Academy of Music in the same city. As they received the usual two week's notice, Miss Carroll's lawyer won the case. The opposing party renewed the fight by getting out a warrant for Manager Walsh's arrest. That proved useless, as he was out of the state and in Albany. While the officer was trying to locate him, Miss Carroll took the company, baggage and scenery on the midnight train for Kingston, N. Y. After traveling all night and the next forenoon, the company opened their matinee to the biggest audience known for years and at night the house was packed. Between matinee and night's performance Miss Carroll had a Christmas tree cut and put up in her room at the Eagle hotel. After the Christmas night's performance the company were invited to the room and presents were exchanged. Advance Agent Black made a special trip from Albany to be present. Manager Walsh gave the company a supper and although nobody had had any sleep for forty-eight hours, all vowed they had a very merry Christmas.

At this time, a man in the forest is in a place totally unlike any other.

The snow has changed everything upon which it has settled. Things are not as they were when there was greenness in the woods. The birds

are of different species, for those of warmer months have flown south, while the winter birds have come to make their dwelling here. The fur

of the animals is changed and all nature presents an entirely different picture."

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Chrysanthemums

Cut Flowers

AT-

R. E. Hannaford's.

FLORIST.

Newcastle Avenue,

TELEPHONE CO.

FIRES

Are Sure To Happen.

Look out for them this winter, when so many wood fires are going.

Are you insured? If not you had better let us write you an insurance policy on your house or furniture. Drop a royal and we will call.

FRANK D. BUTLER,

Real Estate and Insurance,

3 Market Street.

Your Winter Suit

Should be

WELL MADE.

It should be

STYLISH

And

PERFECT FIT.

The largest assortment of UP-TO-DATE

SAMPLES to be shown in the city

Cleansing, Turning And

Pressing a Specialty.

D. O'LEARY,

Bridge Street.

Old Furniture

Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions!

And Coverlets.